That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina:* ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou